



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

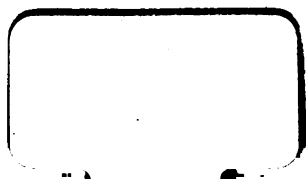
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

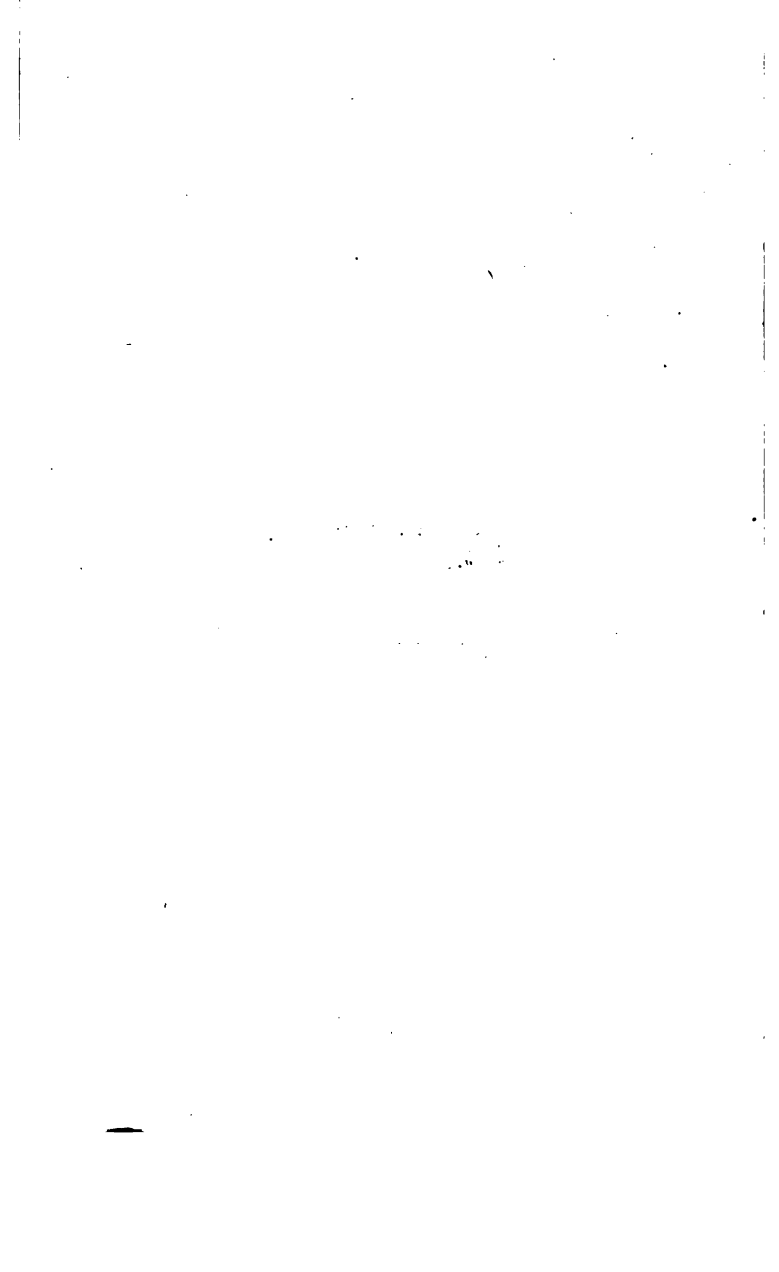


3 3433 07494329 5



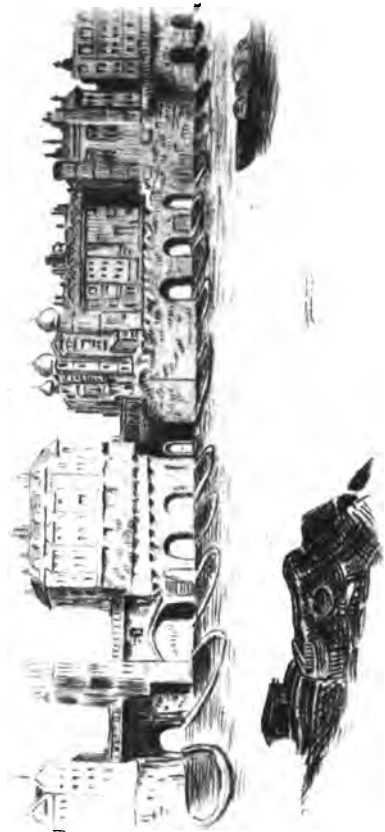
Aldus
Burdick

* NCH -




**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**




London Bridge in Shakespeare's Time



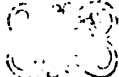
THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

WITH NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
JOSEPH HENRY HUDSON, M.A.,
AND GEORGE GOLLANCZ, M.A.,
OF HERIOT-WATSON, EDINBURGH,
AND OF ONE HUNDRED OTHER
EXPERTS OF SHAKESPEARE, VALUED.

TITUS ANDRONICUS



B. GELOW SMITH & CO.
NEW YORK.





177

178

179

180

181

182

183

184

185

186

187

188

189

190

191

192

193

194

195

196

197

198

199

200

201

202

203

204

205

206

207

208

209

210

211

212

213

214

215

216

217

218

219

220

221

222

223

224

225

226

227

228

229

230

231

232

233

234

235

236

237

238

239

240

241

242

243

244

245

246

247

248

249

250

251

252

253

254

255

256

257

258

259

260

261

262

263

264

265

266

267

268

269

270

271

272

273

274

275

276

277

278

279

280

281

282

283

284

285

286

287

288

289

290

291

292

293

294

295

296

297

298

299

300

301

302

303

304

305

306

307

308

309

310

311

312

313

314

315

316

317

318

319

320

321

322

323

324

325

326

327

328

329

330

331

332

333

334

335

336

337

338

339

340

341

342

343

344

345

346

347

348

349

350

351

352

353

354

355

356

357

358

359

360

361

362

363

364

365

366

367

368

369

370

371

372

373

374

375

376

377

378

379

380

381

382

383

384

385

386

387

388

389

390

391

392

393

394

395

396

397

398

399

400

401

402

403

404

405

406

407

408

409

410

411

412

413

414

415

416

417

418

419

420

421

422

423

424

425

426

427

428

429

430

431

432

433

434

435

436

437

438

439

440

441

442

443

444

445

446

447

448

449

450

451

452

453

454

455

456

457

458

459

460

461

462

463

464

465

466

467

468

469

470

471

472

473

474

475

476

477

478

479

480

481

482

483

484

485

486

487

488

489

490

491

492

493

494

495

496

497

498

499

500

501

502

503

504

505

506

507

508

509

510

511

512

513

514

515

516

517

518

519

520

521

522

523

524

525

526

527

528

529

530

531

532

533

534

535

536

537

538

539

540

541

542

543

544

545

546

547

548

549

550

551

552

553

554

555

556

557

558

559

560

561

562

563

564

565

566

567

568

569

570

571

572

573

574

575

576

577

578

579

580

581

582

583

584

585

586

587

588

589

590

591

592

593

594

595

596

597

598

599

600

601

602

603

604

605

606

607

608

609

610

611

612

613

614

615

616

617

618

619

620

621

622

623

624

625

626

627

628

629

630

631

632

633

634

635

636

637

638

639

640

641

642

643

644

645

646

647

648

649

650

651

652

653

654

655

656

657

658

659

660

661

662

663

664

665

666

667

668

669

670

671

672

673

674

675

676

677

678

679

680

681

682

683

684

685

686

687

688

689

690

691

692

693

694

695

696

697

698

699

700

701

702

703

704

705

706

707

708

709

710

711

712

713

714

715

716

717

718

719

720

721

722

723

724

725

726

727

728

729

730

731

732

733

734

735

736

737

738

739

740

741

742

743

744

745

746

747

748

749

750

751

752

753

754

755

756

757

758

759

760

761

762

763

764

765

766

767

768

769

770

771

772

773

774

775

776

777

778

779

780

781

782

783

784

785

786

787

788

789

790

791

792

793

794

795

796

797

798

799

800

801

802

803

804

805

806

807

808

809

810

811

812

813

814

815

816

817

818

819

820

821

822

823

824

825

826

827

828

829

830

831

832

833

834

835

836

837

838

839

840

841

842

843

844

845

846

847

848

849

850

851

852

853

854

855

856

857

858

859

860

861

862

863

864

865

866

867

868

869

870

871

872

873

874

875

876

877

878

879

880

881

882

883

884

885

886

887

888

889

890

891

892

893

894

895

896

897

898

899

900

901

902

903

904

905

906

907

908

909

910

911

912

913

914

915

916

917

918

919

920

921

922

923

924

925

926

927

928

929

930

931

932

933

934

935

936

937

938

939

940

941

942

943

944

945

946

947

948

949

950

951

952

953

954

955

956

957

958

959

960

961

962

963

964

965

966

967

968

969

970

971

972

973

974

975

976

977

978

979

980

981

982

983

984

985

986

987

988

989

990

991

992

993

994

995

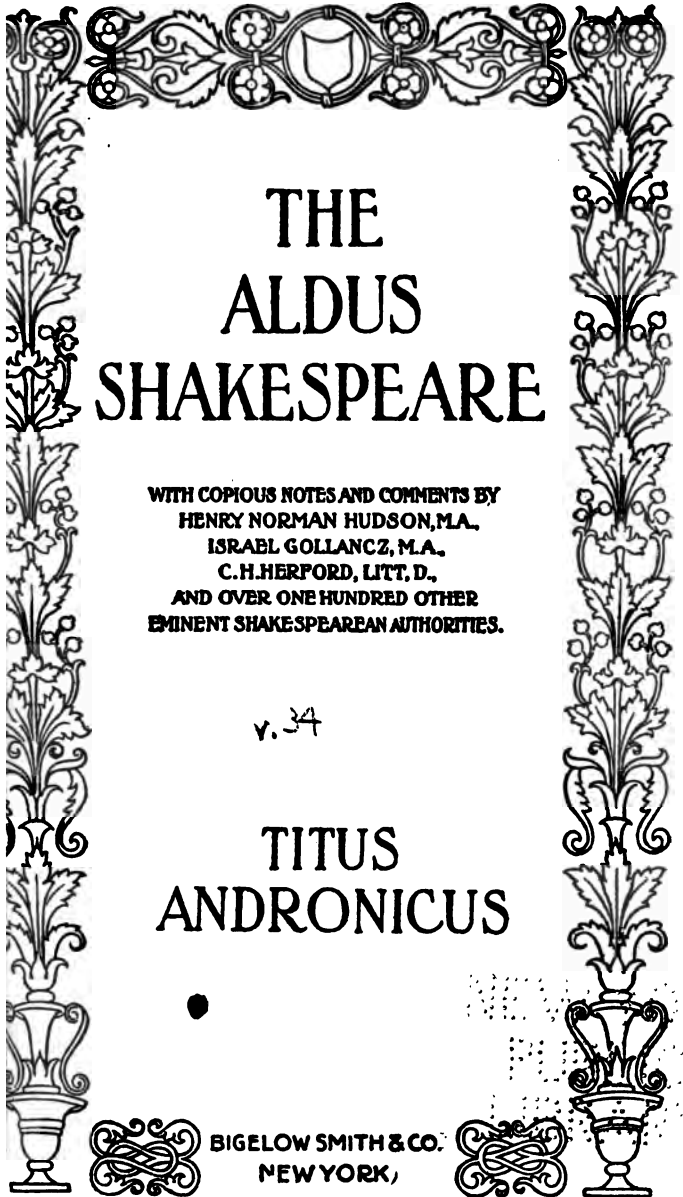
996

997

998

999

1000



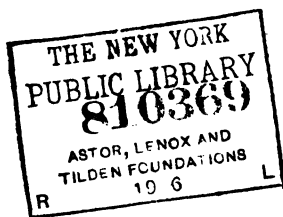
THE ALDUS SHAKESPEARE

WITH COPIOUS NOTES AND COMMENTS BY
HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, M.A.,
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.,
C. H. HERFORD, LITT. D.,
AND OVER ONE HUNDRED OTHER
EMINENT SHAKESPEAREAN AUTHORITIES.

v. 34

TITUS ANDRONICUS

BIGELOW SMITH & CO.
NEW YORK,



Copyright, 1909, by
Higelow, Smith & Co.

BOY WITH
CLUB
HAROLD

**THE TRAGEDY
OF TITUS ANDRONICUS**

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

PREFACE

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

EARLY EDITIONS

In 1600 a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was published, bearing the following title-page:—

“The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. | As it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the | Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberaine theyr | Seruants. | At LONDON, | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little | North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600.” This is the earliest known edition, and is referred to as Quarto I.

Another quarto, printed from the former, was brought out in 1611:—

“The | most lamentable Tragedie | of *Titus Andronicus*. | As it hath sundry | times beene plaide by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. | LONDON, | Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of | Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611.”

In the 1st Folio *Titus Andronicus* comes between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet*; the text was somewhat carelessly printed from a copy of the Second Quarto with MS. additions. The Second Scene of the Third Act, not found in the quartos, is peculiar to the Folio version.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

According to Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus*

was printed in 1594; but no copy has been discovered. The earliest allusion to Shakespeare's connection with the subject is Meres' mention of the play, in 1598, as one of Shakespeare's well-known tragedies. There can be little doubt that Ravenscroft, who "about the time of the Popish Plot," revived and altered *Titus Andronicus*, preserved trustworthy tradition with respect to its authorship. It has been told by some anciently conversant with the stage that it was not originally Shakespeare's, but brought by private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal characters." Internal evidence seems to corroborate the tradition, and Shakespeare's additions are now generally assigned to about 1589-90. The following passages suggest Shakespearean authorship:—I, i, 9; II, i, 82, 83; I, i, 70-76, 117-119, 141, 142; II, ii, 1-6; II, iii, 10-15; III, i, 82-86, 91-93; IV, iv, 81-86; V, ii, 21-27; V, iii, 160-168.¹

The problem is complicated by the fact that there may have been at least three plays on the subject, according to the references in the Stationers' Registers, and Henslowe's *Diary*. Jonson probably referred to an older play when he wrote:—"He that will swear, Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years" (*Bartholomew Fair*, 1614). This would place the production in question between 1584 and 1589.

The German "tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*," acted abroad about the year 1600 by the English players, may contain elements of the older original on which the present play was founded: among its characters there is a "Vespasian," and it is noteworthy that there is a record in Henslowe's *Diary* of a "*tittus and Vespasia*" acted "1

¹ (*Cp.* H. B. Wheatley, *New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1874; a synopsis and critical opinion is to be found in Fleay's *Manual*, p. 44; Knight, in *Pictorial Shakespeare*, defends Shakespeare's authorship.

The fullest recent study of the subject is that of Dr. M. Arnold Schröer, Marburg, 1891).

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Preface

Lord Strange's men" on April 11, 1591. The play is marked "*ne*" (i. e. "new"). Similarly, a "*Titus and Andronicus*" is described as a new play by Henslowe under the date of January 22, 1593-1594.

Under any circumstances, *Titus Andronicus* stands outside the regular early Shakespearean dramas,—the gentle "love-plays" of his first period; its value, however, in literary history, is this:—crude as it is, it certainly belongs to the same type of play, as the greater tragedy of *Hamlet*; the *machinery* in both plays is much the same; both are Kydian dramas of Revenge; Nemesis triumphs in the end, entangling in her meshes the innocent as well as the guilty, the perpetrators of crime as well as the agents of vengeance.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

It is remarkable that popular as was the story of *Titus Andronicus* in the sixteenth century, no direct source of the play has yet been discovered, and nothing can be added to Theobald's comment. "The story," he observes, "we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the Empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol."

The ballad given in Percy's *Reliques* was evidently based on the present play, though formerly considered as its source.¹

¹ Cf. *Roxburghe Ballads* (Ballad Society), Vol. 1; the version cannot, according to Chappell, be earlier than the reign of James I, and is more probably of that of Charles I. The title of the ballad is "*The lamentable and tragical history of Titus Andronicus. With the fall of his Sons in the Wars with the Goths, with the manner of the Ravishment of his daughter Lavinia,*" etc.

THE TIME OF THE PLAY

The period covered by the play is four days represented on the stage ; with, possibly, two intervals.

Day 1. Act I ; Act II, sc. i.

Day 2. Act II, sc. ii-iv ; Act III, sc. i. *Interval.*

Day 3. Act III, sc. ii. *Interval.*

Day 4. Acts IV and V (*v. P. A. Daniel's Time-Analysis* p. 190).

INTRODUCTION

By HENRY NORMAN HUDSON, A.M.

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus, as it is called in the folio of 1623, is extant in two editions, published during Shakespeare's life, and bearing date 1600 and 1611. Of the first of these only two copies are now known, one of which, as Mr. Collier informs us, is in the collection of Lord Francis Egerton, the other in the Signet Library at Edinburgh, and but lately discovered. The first edition is a quarto pamphlet of forty leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "The most lamentable Roman Tragedy of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been played by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlain their Servants. At London, Printed by J. R. for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North door of Paul's, at the sign of the Gun. 1600." The only considerable change in the title-page of 1611 has reference to the acting of the play, merely saying,—“As it hath sundry times been played by the King's Majesty's Servants”; which, as we have repeatedly seen, was the same company that was known as the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, till the accession of James I, in 1603.

Though no earlier edition than 1600 is now known to exist, it is altogether probable the play was printed in 1594, as Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, published in 1691, speaks of an edition of that date. That there were copies of such an edition known to Langbaine, only ninety-seven years after, and now lost, might very well be, seeing only two copies of the edition of 1600 have survived till our time. Besides, his statement is con-

firmed by an entry at the Stationers' to John Danter, February 6, 1594, of "a book entitled a noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus."

In the folio of 1623, *Titus Andronicus* stands the third in the division of Tragedies, and is printed with a fair text, having the acts duly marked, but not the scenes. The folio copy has one scene, not in the earlier copies, the second in Act III: otherwise, it appears to have been reprinted from the edition of 1611. Whether the scene in question were omitted in the earlier copies, or added in the later, we have no means of ascertaining.

As to the date of the composition, our most important testimony is furnished by the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, which was written in 1614: "He that will swear, Jeronimo or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these *five-and-twenty or thirty years*. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well: such a one the author knows where to find him." Taking the shortest period here spoken of, twenty-five years, we are thrown back to the year 1589, as the time when the play was first on the boards. Shakespeare was then twenty-five years old; and from the internal evidence of the play we should conclude it to have been written when he certainly was not past that age. That Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* was the one referred to by Jonson, may be reasonably inferred, from the known fact of its great and long-continued popularity on the stage, and as there was no other play with that title, that we know of, having sufficient foothold in the popular favor to make his reference anywise appropriate.

But it has been much questioned whether *Titus Andronicus* were written by Shakespeare. This question seems to have been started by Ravenscroft, who, having altered and of course *improved* the play, revived it on the stage about the time of the Popish Plot, in 1678. In the Prologue then supplied, Ravenscroft speaks as follows:

"To-day the Poet does not fear your rage;
Shakespeare, by him reviv'd, now treads the stage:
Under his sacred laurels he sits down,
Safe from the blast of any critic's frown."

Ravenscroft published his *Titus Andronicus* in 1687, but suppressed the Prologue of 1678; and gave a preface, stating, among other things, how he had "been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that the play was not originally Shakespeare's, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters": but Shadwell intimates that Ravenscroft got up this story with a view to exalt his own merit in having altered it.

Howbeit, a large number of critics and editors, from Theobald to Singer, agree in the opinion that the play was not written by Shakespeare; though Theobald and one or two others think he added "a few fine touches" to it. Their judgment in the matter is thus pronounced by Johnson: "All the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the color of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part of it, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing." The latest critic of much weight who pronounces the same way, is Hallam. "*Titus Andronicus*," says he, "is now, by common consent, denied to be, in any sense, a production of Shakespeare; and very few passages, I should think not one, resemble his manner."

These are pretty strong declarations, but there are two facts which they do not tell us how to get along with. One is, that Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, names *Titus Andronicus* as one of Shakespeare's tragedies. Meres seems to have been fully competent for the work

which he undertook to do. It is highly probable that he was personally acquainted with Shakespeare, perhaps his personal friend, as he speaks of "his sugared Sonnets among his private friends," though these were not printed till 1609, eleven years after the mentioning of them in his *Palladis Tamia*. All his other statements of fact respecting the Poet are admitted as true. There was not the least occasion for his assigning this play to Shakespeare, were it not so.

The second is, that *Titus Andronicus* was included by Heminge and Condell in their collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1623. The editors were the Poet's old friends and fellow-actors: his connection with them was so close and intimate, that he mentioned them in his Will: "To my Fellows, John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, xxvi. s. viii. d. apiece, to buy them Rings." They had therefore every possible opportunity for knowing what plays were written by Shakespeare, and no conceivable motive for printing any as his that were not so; since, had they done such a thing, there could not but be men living, able to expose them.

Now, we will by no means affirm that there might not be qualities of style and workmanship sufficient to overbear such facts as these: but we have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that no inference grounded on the qualities of the play in question can be strong enough to outface them. Inferior it is, undoubtedly, in workmanship and style, to most of the other plays received as Shakespeare's; yet it differs not more in these respects from *The Comedy of Errors*, for example, than this does from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*; nay, it hardly differs more from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, than this does from *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*. Its comparative smoothness and regularity of versification, its frequency and occasional awkwardness of classical allusion, and its unartistic redundancy of blood and horror, are no more than were to be expected in the first efforts of the Poet's apprenticeship, when he could not but be ignorant of his powers, and

would have to try what he could do with such elements of strength as lay around him in the theatrical antecedents of his time, before he could find, and in order to find, the strength that was in himself.

Accordingly, the play bears a close resemblance to the best specimens of dramatic production known on the English stage at the time we suppose it to have been written; and it resembles them in their best qualities. Marlowe, whose *Tamburlaine* was acted before 1587, had just unfettered the English drama from the shackles of rhyme, and touched its versification with the first beginnings of freedom and variety. As if to square the account for this advance upon the dramatic taste and culture of the time, he trained his verse to a stately and high-resounding march, and often made it puff well nigh to the cracking of its cheeks with rhetorical grandiloquence and smoke. The theatrical audiences then to be had would hardly bestow much applause on any tragedies but what gave them to "sup full of horrors"; and Marlowe was apt enough, without the stimulus of any such motives, to provide them banquets of that sort. To distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtle courses of tragic terror, was a point of art which he did not live to reach, and probably could not have reached if he had lived. To discover these hidden courses required the far clearer and keener vision of Shakespeare; nor does it stand to reason that even he or any other man could have discovered them, without first practising in the ways already opened and approved. Of course, as experience gradually developed his native strengths, and at the same time taught him what they were sufficient for, he would naturally throw aside, one after another, the strengths of custom, of example, and public taste; since these would grow to be felt as incumbrances, as he grew able to do better without them.

And this would naturally be the case much more in his efforts at tragedy than at comedy. For the elements of comedy, besides being more light and wieldy in themselves,

had been playing freely about his boyhood, and mingling in his earliest observations of human life and character: so that here he would be apt to cast himself more quickly and unreservedly upon nature as he had been used to meet and converse with her. Tragedy, on the other hand, must in reason have been to him a much more artificial thing; and he would needs require both a larger measure and a stronger faculty of observation and experience, before he could find the elements of it in nature, and become able to digest and modulate them into the many-toned, yet severe and nicely-balanced harmony of dramatic art. Is it not clear, then, that in proportion as he lacked the power to seize and wield the natural elements of tragedy in his first efforts that way, he would be governed by what stood before him, and the adventitious helps and influences of the time be prominently reproduced in his work? Therefore it is, we doubt not, that his earlier comedies are so much more Shakespearean in style and spirit and characterization, than his tragedies of the same period. For can it be questioned, that such a man so circumstanced would sooner *find himself*, and sooner make others find him, in comedy than in tragedy?

Our own opinion, therefore, runs entirely with those of the later editors, Knight, Collier, and Verplanck, that *Titus Andronicus* is *substantially* Shakespeare's work. Whether he be responsible for the whole of it, is another question,—one, we think, impossible to determine, and not easy even to make up an opinion upon. It has, to our mind, no such inequalities of style and execution as are found in *Pericles* and *Timon of Athens*. Inferior as it is in comparison with the Poet's later tragedies, its course seems tolerably sustained: at least, we do not discover that it anywhere either falls greatly below or rises greatly above itself. There is indeed a certain overwrought lustihood and incontinence of wickedness in Tamora and the Moor, which have no parallel or counterpart in the other characters; but this is nothing to the purpose. The play, therefore, nowise

compels the supposal of more than one hand in the writing ; and this is pretty much all we can say about it.

The play seems to be without any foundation in authentic history. How or whence the story originated, has not been revealed to us, unless in the play itself. The scene of the incidents seems to be nowhere, the time, nowhen. The classical allusions, though numerous enough, are but such as might have been supplied by the "small Latin and less Greek," accorded to Shakespeare by the greatest scholarship of the time. The sentiments and customs of ages and nations far asunder in time and space, Pagan gods and Popish observances, are jumbled together in "most admired confusion"; and indeed the matter generally seems to have been patched up at random from what the author had learned in books, instead of being a coherent projection from what he had seen or felt of the living nature within and around him. There may have been an older play on the subject, from which the Poet derived more or less of the plot and incidents ; though none such has come down to us. Remains but to add that there is an old ballad on the same subject, which was entered at the Stationers' by John Danter at the same time with the play, and may be seen (for it is doubtless the same) in Percy's *Reliques* : but which of them was written first, we have no means of deciding, save that, as Percy remarks, "the ballad differs from the play in several particulars which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian."

COMMENTS

By SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

TAMORA

Saturnine braves and insults the benefactor who has given him a crown, and the Gothic Tamora prepares to wreak her vengeance, as empress, on the family that bereaved her of a son. The very morning after her marriage and that of Lavinia with Bassianus she takes the occasion of a hunt,—the courtly compliment of the yet unawakened Titus Andronicus, and with the aid of her paramour Aaron, the Moor, and her brutal sons, Chiron and Demetrius, she abuses and maims Lavinia, murders Bassianus, and destroys by false accusation two of the sons of Andronicus. Still the author does not allow us to take unhesitating party,—for Bassianus and Lavinia are as wanting in prudence as temper, and heap provocation upon her that she could scarcely be expected to bear. It is a point of art by which the black wickedness of Tamora is deepened to the imagination, that we are made to despise and detest her, notwithstanding that her wrongs and provocations have been such as might easily wean our sympathies from very compassionate victims. By mastery of dramatic chiaroscuro, however, we follow sympathetically the distinctive distances of hatefulness, and never lose our way so far as to palliate the atrocities of Tamora, or to refuse our pity to the woes of the Andronicus.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays*.

AARON THE MOOR

More noteworthy, however, than Titus is Aaron the Moor, the arch-villain of the drama. In the cynical ef-

frontery of his wickedness, he resembles some of Marlowe's creations, especially Barabas. But he further displays, though in rudimentary form, two leading characteristics of Shakspeare's criminals: he has an acid humor, and he has the faculty of adroitly turning to his own purposes the vicious desires of his fellow-men. A redeeming touch, that keeps him within the pale of humanity, is his affection for his bastard child; but otherwise he is an incarnation of motiveless malignity, thus prefiguring, strangely enough, Iago, who ruins a very different type of the Moorish race. —Boas, *Shakspeare and his Predecessors*.

EVIDENCES OF SHAKESPEAREAN STYLE

The bloody drama of *Titus Andronicus*, replete with horrors of every kind (which reach a climax when Titus, as a preliminary to stabbing Queen Tamora, serves her in the garb of a cook with her two sons baked in a pie), was probably written by an amateur or "private gentleman" (*teste* Ed. Ravenscroft, 1687), at a time when Shakespeare was still in his experimental stage (1590-3). It may well have been written in emulation of Kyd or Marlowe: but the conception is a good deal lower than that of Marlowe, whose aspiration was rather after the impossible than the merely horrible. As a composition it is more suggestive of Kyd, but the versification is too complex to admit of its being attributed to him; while the complete absence of humor and the rarity of pathos preclude us from accepting it as undiluted Shakespeare. Nevertheless the internal evidence agrees perfectly with such slight external indication as we possess to the effect that Shakespeare revised the play, introducing graceful passages here and fine poetry there, remodeling the character of Titus, and recasting the closing scene, in which (in characteristic Shakespearean style) the reign of sane government and good sense is re-established after a harvest of horrors. It seems to have been a stage success as played by Shakespeare's company. Shakespeare was, in fact, probably set to work upon it be-

cause the "shambles" play was then in vogue, just as, later, we have the reigns of Farce, Chronicle, High Comedy, Tragedy, Romance, and Burlesque succeeding each other in the popular taste.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare*.

The three great contrivers of the harms, Titus, Tamora, and Aaron, are shaped with a rude and somewhat uncertain hand; but a trait here and there suggests the future author of *Richard III*, of *Lear*, and *Othello* in this resolute emulator of Marlowe and Kyd. Titus and Tamora bear the stamp of the Kydian tragedy of Revenge. Their tragic career is provoked by a deadly, unpardonable wrong. Aaron, on the other hand, is related rather to the Marlowesque tragedy of dæmonic energy,—*virtù*—which dooms its victims out of pure malignancy. But Titus has touches of a Shakespearean magnanimity which remove him far from the blind pursuer of vengeance. His generous disclaimer of the imperial crown in the opening scene fitly preludes the nobly-imagined scene in which he hews off his hand to save his sons. The scene (III, ii) where the two brothers so passionately moralize the death of a fly, already heralds those apparently trivial moments of pause which the mature Shakespeare is wont to make pregnant of tragic suggestion. And the tenderness for his child which so suddenly and strangely intrudes upon the fiendish malignity of Aaron, is a trait which might well escape from the pen of the future delineator of Shylock and his daughter. Most critics have recognized Shakespearean touches in the style. Certainly, the bookish allusions which are so abundantly woven into its texture are tempered with many touches caught from the open-air life of nature such as nowhere fail in the young Shakespeare. A woodland brake—a "pleasant chase"—is the scene of the most tragic deed in the whole play, and we are not allowed to forget over the sufferings of Lavinia the morningdew upon the leaves or their chequered shadow upon the ground as they

quiver in the breeze.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare*.

Poetry, and especially dramatic poetry, is not to be regarded as a bit of joiner's work,—or, if you please, as an affair of jewelers and enameling. The lines which we have quoted may not be among Shakspeare's highest things; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power—bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvas, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with color and expression. To imagine that the great passages of a drama are produced like “a copy of verses,” under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice, but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspeare to the coarser delineations of some other man. Aaron, the Moor, in his general conception is an unmitigated villain—something alien from humanity—a fiend, and therefore only to be detested. But Shakspeare, by that insight which, however imperfectly developed, must have distinguished his earliest efforts, brings Aaron into the circle of humanity; and then he is a thing which moves us, and his punishment is poetical justice. One touch does this—his affection for his child:—

“Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.”

Did Shakspeare put in these lines, and the previous ones which evolve the same feeling, under the system of a cool

editorial mending of a second man's work? The system may do for an article; but a play is another thing. Did Shakspeare put these lines into the mouth of Lucius, when he calls to his son to weep over the body of Titus?—

“Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so.”

Malone has not marked these; they are too simple to be included in his poetical gems. But are they not full to overflowing of those deep thoughts of human love which the great poet of the affections has sent into so many welcoming hearts?—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspeare*.

UN-SHAKESPEAREAN

This is the period of Shakspeare's tentative dramatic efforts. Among these, notwithstanding strong external evidence,—the testimony of Meres, and the fact that Heminge and Condell included the play in the first folio,—it is difficult to admit *Titus Andronicus*. That tragedy belongs to the pre-Shaksperian school of bloody dramas. If any portions of it be from Shakspeare's hand, it has at least this interest—it shows that there was a period of Shakspeare's authorship when the poet had not yet discovered himself, a period when he yielded to the popular influences of the day and hour; this much interest and no more. That Shakspeare himself entered with passion or energy into the literary movement which the *Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd may be taken to represent, his other early writings forbid us to believe. The supposed *Sturm und Drang* period of Shakspeare's artistic career exists only in the imagination of his German critics. The early years of Shakspeare's authorship

were years of bright and tender play of fancy and of feeling. If an epoch of storm and stress at any time arrived, it was when Shakspeare's genius had reached its full maturity, and *Lear* was the product of that epoch. But *then*, if the storm and stress were prolonged and urgent, Shakspeare possessed sufficient power of endurance, and had obtained sufficient grasp of the strong sure roots of life to save him from being borne away into the chaos or in any direction across the borders of the ordered realm of art. Upon the whole, *Titus Andronicus* may be disregarded. Even if it were a work of Shakspeare we should still call it un-Shakspearean.—DOWDEN, *Shakspeare—His Mind and Art*.

But that which, in our opinion, decides against its Shakespeare authorship is the coarseness of the characterization, the lack of the most ordinary probability in the actions, and the unnatural motives assigned to them. The style of a young writer may be perverted, and his *taste* almost necessarily at first goes astray; but that which lies deeper than all this exterior and ornament of art—namely, the estimate of man, the deduction of motives of action, and the general contemplation of human nature—this is the power of an innate talent, which, under the guidance of sound instinct, is usually developed at an early stage of life. Whatever piece of Shakespeare's we regard as his first, everywhere, even in his narratives, the characters are delineated with a firm hand: the lines may be weak and faint, but nowhere are they drawn, as here, with a harsh and distorted touch. And besides, Shakespeare ever knew how to devise the most natural motives for the strangest actions in the traditions which he undertook to dramatize, and this even in his earliest plays; but nowhere has he grounded, as in this piece, the story of his play upon the most apparent improbability. We need only recall to mind the leading features of the piece and its hero. Titus, by military glory placed in a position to dispose of the imperial throne of Rome, in generous loyalty creates Saturninus emperor.

against the will of his sons he gives him his daughter Lavinia, who is already betrothed to Bassianus; and in his faithful zeal he even kills one of his refractory children. At the same time he gives the new emperor the captive Gothic queen, Tamora, whose son he had just slaughtered as a sacrifice for his fallen children. The emperor sees her, leaves Lavinia, and marries Tamora; and Titus, who thus experienced the base ingratitude of him whose benefactor he had been, now expects thanks from Tamora for her elevation, when he had just before murdered her son! The revengeful woman, on the contrary, commands her own sons to slay Bassianus; and to dishonor and mutilate Lavinia. The father, Titus, does not guess the author of the revengeful act. The daughter hears the authors of the deed guessed and talked over; she hears her brothers accused of having murdered her husband, Bassianus; her tongue cut out, she cannot speak, but it seems also as if she could not hear; they ask her not, she can only shake her head at all their false conjectures. At length *by accident* the way is found to put a staff in her mouth, by which she writes in the sand the names of the guilty perpetrators. The dull blusterer who hitherto has been Brutus indeed and in the literal sense of the word, now *acts* the part of Brutus, and the crafty Tamora suffers herself to be allured into the snares of revenge by the same clumsy dissimulation as that by which Titus himself had been deceived. Whoever compares this rough psychological art with the fine touches with which in the poet's first production, *Venus and Adonis*, even amid the perversion of an over-refined descriptive style, those two figures are so agreeably and truly delineated that the painter might without trouble copy them from the hand of the poet, will consider it scarcely possible that the same poet, even in his greatest errors, could have so completely deadened that finer nature which he nowhere else discards. If it be asked, how it were possible that Shakespeare with this finer nature could ever have chosen such a play even for the sake alone of appropriating it to his stage, we must not forget that

the young poet must always in his taste do homage to the multitude, and that in the beginning of his career he would be stimulated by speculation upon their applause, rather than by the commands and laws of an art ideal.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries*.

THE PRINCIPAL DEFECT OF THE PLAY

How much of what is horrible is met with in the universally admired Greek tragedies, the myths of Atreus and Thyestes, Orestes and Clytemnestra, Œdipus and his family, the sources of the Greek tragedy! Is not Gloster's fate in *King Lear* horrible? are we not also at times seized with horror in *Macbeth* and *Othello*? In single cases, therefore, it is perfectly allowable; the fault lies only in the fact that that which, in accordance with its nature, is but an isolated, special, and exceptional reality, appears here as the *general, sole*, form of the tragic element. The drama itself, its substance and ideal character is a mere representation of the tragic, degenerating into the horrible, which indeed necessarily takes place when, in the universal decay of the state and people, even a good and noble character (like Titus) breaks through the most indispensable, the most sacred ties of nature, owing to a want of clearness of moral consciousness, of power, and self-control, and tramples upon all parental feelings. It is this deed, which is spun out into the fearful tissue of the following scenes of horror, that first awakens the fiend in Tamora's nature, and the brute in Aaron. When evil is challenged by the good itself, it not only annihilates itself, but the good as well, which, of course, is then no longer truly good. It is from this point of view that the whole drama is composed; it forms the organic center in which all the separate rays converge. But the horrible, when so accumulated, and made such an ordinary, natural element of life, requires a deeper and more accurate foundation. It is not sufficient simply to presuppose a general state of decay, because the horrible is not necessarily the

general form of the tragic, even in such a state of things. However even this fault is one that could be tolerated, at least, it is not wholly wanting in motive. The principal and actual defect is, in reality, the total absence of the *conciliatory* element in the tragic pathos. Titus Andronicus dies without having even once come to the consciousness and conviction of his guilt, to the duty of submitting to the will of the gods, in short, without that which is good and beautiful in him having been purified and sublimated by the tragic pathos. It is the same with his younger sons; nay, even Lavinia, whose character is intended to be one of noble womanliness, can, with cold indifference, hold the basin which is to catch the blood of the two victims, and is herself killed by the dagger of her own father while assisting at the horrible repast. Aaron, Tamora, and Saturnine die as they have lived, and Lucius marks his elevation to the dignity of governor with the command for the inhuman and revolting execution of the Moor. Thus the drama ends in a shrill discord which is but little relieved by the abrupt and cold declaration of the new ruler:

"Then afterwards to order well the state
That like events may ne'er it ruinate—"

although it somewhat reminds one of Shakspeare's later manner of concluding his tragedies. We do not feel sure that things will not continue to proceed, behind the scenes, in the way they have begun; we turn with horror from such a view of human nature, nay, we are almost forced in despair, to ask, Why was such a race ever called into existence?—ULRICI, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*.

A FINISHED PRODUCTION

Titus Andronicus is certainly as unlike Shakespear's usual style as it is possible. It is an accumulation of vulgar physical horrors, in which the power exercised by the poet bears no proportion to the repugnance excited

by the subject. The character of Aaron the Moor is the only thing which shows any originality of conception; and the scene in which he expresses his joy "at the blackness and ugliness of his child begot in adultery," the only one worthy of Shakespear. Even this is worthy of him only in the display of power, for it gives no pleasure. Shakespear managed these things differently. Nor do we think it a sufficient answer to say that this was an embryo or crude production of the author. In its kind it is full grown, and its features decided and overcharged. It is not like a first imperfect essay, but shows a confirmed habit, a systematic preference of violent effect to everything else. There are occasional detached images of great beauty and delicacy, but these were not beyond the powers of other writers then living. The circumstance which inclines us to reject the external evidence in favor of this play being Shakespear's is, that the grammatical construction is constantly false and mixed up with vulgar abbreviations, a fault that never occurs in any of his genuine plays.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakspear's Plays*.

A PLAY NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED

It is quite unnecessary for any opponent of blind or exaggerated Shakespear-worship to demonstrate to us the impossibility of bringing *Titus Andronicus* into harmony with any other than a barbarous conception of tragic poetry. But although the play is simply omitted without apology from the Danish translation of Shakespear's works, it must by no means be overlooked by the student, whose chief interest lies in observing the genesis and development of the poet's genius. The lower its point of departure, the more marvelous its soaring flight.—BRANDES, *William Shakespear*.

**THE TRAGEDY
OF TITUS ANDRONICUS**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards emperor*

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *tribune of the people, and brother to Titus*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MURTIUS,
MUTIUS,

} *sons to Titus Andronicus*

LOUNG LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius*

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus Andronicus*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman*

ALAREUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON,

} *sons to Tamora*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans and Goths

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths*

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus*

A Nurse, and a black Child

Kingsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE: *Rome, and the country near it*

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter below, Saturninus and his Followers from one side, and Bassianus and his Followers from the other side, with drum and colors.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;

5-6. "I am his first-born son, that was the last That wore"; so Qq.; Ff. 1, 2, 3 read "I was the first-born son, that was the last That wore"; F. 4, "I was the first-born Son of him that last Wore"; Pope, "I am the firstborn son of him that last Wore"; Collier, "I am his . . . That wore"; Collier MS., "I am the first borne Sonne, of him the last That wore."—I. G.

Then let my father's honors live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favorers of my
right,

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, 10
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonor to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by
friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we
stand 20

A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook ³¹
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.

And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honor of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed, 40
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your
strength,

Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

st. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts!

as. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy

In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honor thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, 50
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favor
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*]

st. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favor of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, 60
As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

*[Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus
go up into the Capitol.]*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honor and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter Martius
and Mutius; after them, two Men bearing a
coffin covered with black; then Lucius and
Quintus. After them, Titus Andronicus; and
then Tamora Queen of Goths, with Alarbus,
Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and other Goths,
prisoners; Soldiers and People following.
The Bearers set down the coffin, and Titus
speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds! 70

Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchor-
age,

62. "gates"; Capell reads "gates, tribunes"; Collier MS., "brazed gates."—I. G.

65. "patron"; advocate.—C. H. H.

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had, 80
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my
sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[They open the tomb.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont, 90
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!
Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
'Ad manes fratrum' sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeased, 100

"*thou great defender of this Capitol*"; i. e. Jupiter, to whom
Capitol was sacred.—H. N. H.

"*earthy*"; so the quartos; the folio, *earthly*.—H. N. H.

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious
queror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the stre
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths
held

Alive and dead; and for their brethren slair
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that
gone.

101. "*prodigies on earth*"; it was supposed that the ghosts of buried people appeared, to solicit the rites of funeral.—H. N. E

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt the sons of Andronicus with Alarbus.*]
Luc. O cruel, irreligious piety! 130

Luc. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Luc. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of
Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favor Tamora, the queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was
queen, 140
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

[*Re-enter the sons of Andronicus, with their swords bloody.*]

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the
sky.

Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Luc. Let it be so; and let Andronicus

138. "*his tent*"; Theobald reads "*her tent*" (alluding to Hecuba
gulling Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other Trojan
captives were).—I. G.

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

*[Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid
the ton*

In peace and honor rest you here, my sons; 1
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here
rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned drugs; here are
storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honor rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honor live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies; 1
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applau

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

154. "drugs"; Q. 1, "drugges"; Q. 2, "grudgges"; Ff., "grudg
—I. G.

167. To "outlive an eternal date" is, though not philosophical,
poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, a
her praise longer than fame.—H. N. H.

*Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes;
re-enter Saturninus and Bassianus,
attended.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome! 170

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful
wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your
swords:

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honor's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, 180
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you
Be chosen with proclamations to-day, 190
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,

189. To "don" is to *do on*, that is, *put on*.—H. N. H.

And led my country's strength successfully,
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
 In right and service of their noble country:
 Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
 But not a scepter to control the world:

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last. 200

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell!

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right:

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them
 not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee 210
 The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
 selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
 But honor thee, and will do till I die:
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends
 I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
 Of noble minds is honorable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
 I ask your voices and your suffrages:
 Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus, 220
 And gratulate his safe return to Rome,

201. "obtain and ask"; obtain merely by asking.—C. H. H.

The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!'

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort, 230
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'
[A long flourish till they come down.]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honorable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress, 240
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honor'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate

224. "create"; elect.—C. H. H.

230. "sort"; class (of citizens).—C. H. H.

243. "motion"; proposal.—C. H. H.

My sword, my chariot and my prisoners; 249
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner
to an emperor;
To him that, for your honor and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers. 260

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this
change of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this? 270

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and
drum.

[*Flourish.* *Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb
show.*

Bas. [*Seizing Lavinia*] Lord Titus, by your leave,
this maid is mine.

Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Aye, noble Titus, and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice: 280
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!

Sat. Surprised! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy! 290

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*Stabbing Mutius.*]

Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*]

[*During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora,
Demetrius, Chiron and Aaron go
out, and re-enter above.*]

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonor me:

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: 300

I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonor me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of
thine,

That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing
piece 309

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of
Goths,

That, like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her
nymphs,

Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,

If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee empress of Rome. 320

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths, 350
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt all but Titus.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonor'd thus and challenged of wrongs? 340

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,

333. "*Pantheon*"; the Pantheon; the temple built by Agrippa in the Campus Martius, A. D. 27.—C. H. H.

338. "*bid*"; i. e. invited.—H. N. H.

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonor'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb: 349
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Mart. }

Tit. And shall! what villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but
here. 360

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honor thou hast
wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Marc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

368. "*not with himself*"; this is much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself*, a genuine English idiom. A similar expression occurs in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*: "She'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again."—H. N. H.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature
plead,— 370

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature
speak,—

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:

The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son 380

Did graciously plead for his funerals:

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here,

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:

The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,

To be dishonor'd by my sons in Rome!

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble
Mutius;

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause. 390

Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,
 Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
 Is she not then beholding to the man
 That brought her for this high good turn so
 far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron; from the other, Bassianus, Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
 God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride! 400

Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
 Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
 Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
 My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
 But let the laws of Rome determine all;
 Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
 But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you. 410

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
 Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
 Only thus much I give your grace to know:
 By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
 This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
 Is in opinion and in honor wrong'd;
 That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
 With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
 In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave: 420
Receive him then to favor, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonor'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honor'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all; 430
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonor'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonor you!
But on mine honor dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose, 440
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be
won at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all, 450

And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord: 460

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus.

And let it be mine honor, good my lord,

That I have reconciled your friends and you.

For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd

My word and promise to the emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable. 470

And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;

'By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his high-
ness,

That what we did was mildly as we might,

Tendering our sister's honor and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honor, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends: 479

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

I will not be denied: sweetheart, look back.

Tit. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two
brides, 489

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace
bonjour.

Tit. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

485. "*stand up*"; perhaps these words were, as Pope suggested, only a stage-direction.—I. G.

491. "*love-day*"; day of reconciliation.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

SCENE I

Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft:
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait, 10
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy
thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph
long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,

To wait upon this new-made empress. 20

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves. 30

'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou

To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passion for Lavinia's love.

Aar. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not
keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your
friends? 40

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Aye, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords? 41

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
 And maintain such a quarrel openly?
 Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
 I would not for a million of gold
 The cause were known to them it most concerns;
 Nor would your noble mother for much more ⁵¹
 Be so dishonor'd in the court of Rome.
 For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
 My rapier in his bosom, and withal
 Thrust those reproachful speeches down his
 throat,
 That he hath breathed in my dishonor here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved.
 Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy
 tongue,
 And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.

Aar. Away, I say! 60
 Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
 This petty brabble will undo us all.
 Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
 It is to jet upon a prince's right?
 What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
 Or Bassianus so degenerate,
 That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
 Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
 Young lords, beware! an should the empress
 know

This discord's ground, the music would not
 please. 70

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
 I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose to achieve her whom I love. 80

Aar. To achieve her! how?

Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*Aside*] Aye, and as good as Saturninus
may. 90

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to
court it

79. "*a thousand deaths*"; Chiron appears to mean, that, had he a thousand lives, such was his love for Lavinia, he would propose to venture them all to achieve her.—H. N. H.

82, 83; cf. *1 Henry VI*, V. iii. 78, 79; *Richard III*, I. ii. 228, 229.—I. G.

85, 87. "*more water glideth by the mill*"; there is a Scottish proverb, "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps." This line is also a northern proverb, "It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf."—H. N. H.

89. "*Vulcan's badge*"; as the deluded husband of Venus.—C. H. H.

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Aye, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too!

Then should not we be tired with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed? 101

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you
jar:

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love. 109

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are

Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate, 121
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and
dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
your turns;

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's
eye, 130

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

'Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

*A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds
heard.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c.,
Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,

123. "file our engines"; the allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by giving smoothness, facilitates the motion of the parts of an engine or piece of machinery.—H. N. H.

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully.
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired. 10

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and their Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty;
Madam, to you as many and as good:
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have wrung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. [*To Tamora*] Madam, now
shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord, 20
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the
plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

A lonely part of the forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*]
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad, 10

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:

9. "empress' chest"; this is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it.
—H. N. H.

11. "make a gleeful boast"; vies in glee.—C. H. H.

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the
hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yellowing
noise; 20

And, after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious
birds

Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine: 31

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul, 40
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in
thee,

20. "yellowing"; so Qq.; Ff. read "yelping"; Pope, "yelling."—
T G.

This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction. 50

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps! 60
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:

69. "*Are singled forth*"; have stolen out.—C. H. H.

Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day! 70

'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honor of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly
steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport, 80
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-color'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Aye, for these slips have made him noted
long:

Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother! 89

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have ticed me hither to this place:

A barren detested vale, you see it is;

93. "barren detested"; Rowe reads "barren and detested"; Capell, "bare, detested."—I. G.

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
 O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
 Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
 And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body hearing it 103
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me
 here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death:
 And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms 110
 That ever ear did hear to such effect:
 And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed.
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

104. "*fall mad, or else die suddenly*"; this is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in *Romeo and Juliet*.—H. N. H.

110. "*Lascivious Goth*"; with a quibble on goat, as in *As You Like It*, iii. 3. 9. Probably, as in *mote, moth*, the *th* was pronounced *t*.—C. H. H.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lav. Aye, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me the poniard; you shall know, my boys, 120

Your mother's hand shall right you mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her; First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw;

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust. 130

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,

Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy

That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

126. "*painted hope braves your mightiness*"; so Qq., F. 1.; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "*painted hope, she . . .*"; Warburton, "*painted cope she . . .*"; Capell, "*paint now braves your mightiness*"; Steevens conj. "*painted, braves your . . .*," etc., etc.—I. G.

132. "*outlive us*"; Theobald's pointing; Qq., Ff., "*outline us*"; Dyce (ed. 2), "*outlive ye*."—I. G.

m. I will not hear her speak; away with her!
 v. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

m. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
 To see her tears, but be your heart to them 140
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

v. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
 dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
 The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to
 marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:

[To Chiron] Do thou entreat her show a wo-
 man pity.

i. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a
 bastard?

v. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
 Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!— 150

The lion, moved with pity, did endure
 To have his princely paws pared all away:
 Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

m. I know not what it means: away with her!

v. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
 That gave thee life, when well he might have
 slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears. 160

m. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
 Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
 To save your brother from the sacrifice;
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
 Therefore, away with her, and use her as y
 will;

The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
 And with thine own hands kill me in this pla
 For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
 Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman,
 me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing m
 That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
 O, keep me from their worse than killing lust
 And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
 Where never man's eye may behold my body
 Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their f
 No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too lo

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly cr
 ture!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
 Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth. Bring t
 her husband:

[This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him
[Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus
into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius
and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia]

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor, 190
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Aaron with Quintus and Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing
briars,

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed
blood 200

As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the
fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!

Aar. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here,

That he thereby may have a likely guess

How these were they that made away his
brother. [Exit.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear; 211
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now 220
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

227. "*a precious ring, that lightens all the hole*"; old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in *The Gesta Romanorum*: "He farther beheld and saw a carbuncle that lighted all the house." And Drayton in *The Muse's Elysium*:

"Is that admired mighty stone,
The carbuncle that's named;
Which from it such a flaming light
And radiancy ejecteth,
That in the very darkest night
The eye to it directeth."—H. N. H.

And shows the ragged entrails of the pit: 230
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave. 240
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter Saturninus with Aaron.

Sat. Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus; 250
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

*Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus
Andronicus, and Lucius.*

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing
grief. 260

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. [*Giving a letter*] Then all too late I bring
this fatal writ,

The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads*] 'An if we miss to meet him hand-
somerly—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him: 270
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy re-
ward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends.'
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold. 280

Sat. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:

There let them bide until we have devised

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

M. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons, 290

Accursed, if the fault be proved in them—

If it be proved! you see it is apparent.

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

M. Andronicus himself did take it up.

I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;

For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers: 300

Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

M. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:

Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV

Another part of the forest.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning
so,

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can
scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands
wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit thy
cord. [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron*]

Horns winded within. Enter Marcus, from hunting.

Mar. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?

5. "scrowl"; Qq., "scrowle"; Ff. 1, 2, "scowle"; Ff. 3, 4, "scowl"
Delius, "scrawl."—I. G.

9. "case"; Pope's emendation of Qq., Ff., "cause."—I. G.

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungente hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to
sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness 20
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy
tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts, 30
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

13. "*If I do dream*"; if this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.—H. N. H.

26. "*Tereus*"; the husband of Procne, violated her sister Philomela, and then cut her tongue out.—C. H. H.

Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
 But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
 A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met, 41
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
 That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O, had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss
 them,

He would not then have touch'd them for his
 life!

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell 50
 asleep

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant
 meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's
 eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with
 thee:

O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[*Exeunt.*]

38, 39. "*Philomela*," after losing her tongue, made her sister Procne aware of her husband's crime by working a representation of it in a sampler.—C. H. H.

49. "*Which that sweet tongue hath made*"; so Qq., Ff.; Hammer, "*Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made*"; Collier MS., "*Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy*," etc.—I. G.

51. "*the Thracian poet*"; Orpheus.—C. H. H.

ACT THIRD

SCENE I

Rome. A street.

Enter Judges, Senators, and Tribunes, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept, 10
 Because they died in honor's lofty bed.

*Lieeth down; the Judges, Etc., pass by him, and
 Exeunt.*

For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad
 tears:

12. "*For these, tribunes*"; so Qq., F. 1; F. 4, "*For these, these, tribunes*"; Malone, "*For these, good tribunes*"; Jackson conj. "*For these two tribunes*"; Collier conj. "*For these, O tribunes.*"—I. G.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and
blush.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers;
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow, 20
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. A noble father, you lament in vain:

The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead. 30

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;

17. "urns"; Hanmer's emendation of Qq., Ff. 1, 2, 3, "ruines"; F. 4, "ruins."—I. G.

34–36. Q. 2 reads "or if they did marke, All bootlesse unto them"; Ff., "oh if they did heare They would not pittie me"; Capell, "or, if they did mark, All bootless unto them, they would not pity me," etc.—I. G.

Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the trib-
unes,

For that they will not intercept my tale: 40

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;

And, were they but attired in grave weeds,

Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
stones;

A stone is silent and offendeth not,

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death. [Rises.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:

For which attempt the judges have pronounced

My everlasting doom of banishment. 51

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive

That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?

Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey

But me and mine: how happy art thou then,

From these devourers to be banished!

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break: 60

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is

Luc. Aye me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest;
est;

And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too
For they have fought for Rome, and all is
vain;

And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.

'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands to do Rome service is but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,

67. "sight"; Theobald, "spight."—I. G.

86. "Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear"; Collier MS. reads "Rich varied notes, enchanting old and young"; F. 4, "Sweet varied . . ." etc.—I. G.

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound. 90

Tit. It was my dear; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by
wave,

Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes: 100
But that which gives my soul the greatest
spurn,

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her! 110
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her
husband;

Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips; 120

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clear-
ness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine? 130
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
grief,

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, 140
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine
own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

125. "as"; the reading of Collier, from Collier MS. and Long MS.;
Qq., Ff., "in"; Rowe, "like."—I. G.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee:
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
 As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Tit. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor 150
 Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,
 Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the king: he for the same
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
 With all my heart, I'll send the emperor 160
 My hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
 Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
 That hath thrown down so many enemies,
 Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
 My youth can better spare my blood than you;
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers'
 lives.

Luc. Which of your hands hath not defended
 Rome,
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
 Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? 170

O, none of both but are of high desert:
 My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death;
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along
 For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as
 these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
 Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's
 care, 18

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Marc. But I will use the ax.

[Exeunt Lucius and Marcus]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
 Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. *[Aside]* If that be call'd deceit, I will be
 honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so: 19

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[Cuts off Titus's hair]

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is done
 patch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Lar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand 201
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this vil-
lainy

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call! [*To Lar.*] What, would thou
kneel with me? 210
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our
prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries, 220

210. "would"; so Qq.; Ff. read "wilt"; Capell conj. "won't."—I. G.

Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd: 230
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes, 240
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit.]

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some
deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

236. "blow"; the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, Qq., "flow."—I G.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to
breathe! 250

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*]

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs: 260
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal
sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow in an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears: 270
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss

Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.
 You heavy people, circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
 And in this hand the other will I bear. 281
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things:
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
 teeth.

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt all but Lucius.*]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
 The woefull'st man that ever lived in Rome: 290
 Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been
 But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs.

282-283. "employ'd in these things," etc.; so Ff.; Qq., "imployde in these Armes"; perhaps, as the Cambridge editors suggest, the original MS. had as follows:—

*"And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imployd,
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth,"*

the Quarto reading being due to a correction of "teeth" to "armes"; the latter being taken by the printer as belonging to the previous line.—I. G.

292. "leaves"; Rowe's emendation of Qq., Ff., "lives."—I. G.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power, 300
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II

A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.

*Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius,
a Boy.*

Luc. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of
mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10
Then thus I thump it down.
[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost
talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous
beating,

The whole of this scene is omitted in Qq.—I. G.

13. "with outrageous beating"; F. 1 reads "without ragious beating"—I. G.

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groan
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote
ready?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life?

Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name
hands;

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,

How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?

O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,

Lest we remember still that we have none.

Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk,

As if we should forget we had no hands,

If Marcus did not name the word of hands!

Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:

Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what
says;

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her
cheeks:

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect

As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to
heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,

And by still practice learn to know thy mean-
ing.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness. 49

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy
knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death done on the innocent

Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;

I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. 'But!' How, if that fly had a father and
mother? 60

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buzz lamenting doings in the air!

Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry! and thou hast
kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favored fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.

70

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!

Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances. 80

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:

I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.

Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

Rome. Titus's garden.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Then enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Aye, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean:

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee: 10
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

9. "Fear her not"; so Qq.; Ft. read "Fears not"; Rowe, "Fear her not."—I. G.

13. "her sons"; Tiberius and Caius Gracchus.—C. H. H.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad for sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books and
fly,

Causeless perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt,
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over with
her stumps the books which Lucius has let
fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this? 30

Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there were more than
one

Confederate in the fact; aye, more there was; 39
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphoses*:

My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!

Help her:

What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the
leaves. 50

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see!

Aye, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—

O, had we never, never hunted there!—

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies? 60

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but
friends,

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

45. "*Soft! so busily*"; Qq., Ff., reads "*Soft, so busily*"; Rowe, "*Soft! see how busily*"; Capell, "*Soft, soft; how busily*"; Knight, "*Soft! how busily*"; Keightley, "*Soft, soft! so busily*"; Collier MS., "*Soft! see how busily*."—I. G.

48. "*treason*"; treachery.—C. H. H.

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me. [*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*]

I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

Cursed be the heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows
plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*]

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed? 80

Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

81-82. "*Magni Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*"; i. e. Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? (Seneca's *Hippolytus*, ii. 671); Theobald, "*Magne Dominator*"; Hammer, "*Magne Regnator*."—I. G.

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's
hope;

And swear with me, as, with the woeful fere
And father of that chaste dishonor'd dame, 90
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.

But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list. 100
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves,
abroad,

And where's your lesson then? Boy, what say
you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Aye, that's my boy! thy father hath full
oft 110

For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory;

109. "bondmen"; as being prisoners of war, and therefore of the status of slaves.—C. H. H.

Lucius, I'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
 Presents that I intend to send them both:
 Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou
 not?

Boy. Aye, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-
 sire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
 Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house: 120
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
 Aye, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.]

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him?
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield,
 But yet so just that he will not revenge.
 Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!

[Exit.]

SCENE II

The same. A room in the palace.

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door;
 and at another door, young Lucius, and an At-
 tendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses
 writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;

120. "Revenge, ye heavens," Johnson conj.; "Revenge the heavens,"
 so Qq., Ff.—I. G.

He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Aye, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honors from Andronicus.

[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound
you both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?

Boy. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that's
the news,

For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please
you,

My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me 10

The goodliest weapons of his armory

To gratify your honorable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:

And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody
villains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here? A scroll, and written round
about!

Let's see:

[*Reads*] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, 20
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:

I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Aye, just; a verse in Horace; right, you
have it.

8, 76; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

20-21. "He who is pure in life, and free from sin, needs not the
darts of the Moor, nor the bow" (Horace, *Odes*, I. 22).—I. G.

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest: the old man hath found
their guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick

But were our witty empress well afoot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord

Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly? 4

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods

For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils; the gods have
given us over. [*Trumpets sound within*]

26. "*sound*"; Theobald conjectured "*Fond*," i. e. foolish; but "*sound*" is probably to be taken ironically.—I. G.

28. "*beyond their feeling*"; without their perceiving it.—C. H. H.

38. "*insinuate*"; insinuate himself, wind into our favor.—C. H. H.

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son. 50

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,

Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace! 60

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam;
A joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point. 70

Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

80

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.
[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.]

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got, 90
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's
brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue; 100
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress, this myself,
The vigor and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This mauger all the world will I keep safe, 110
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blush-
ing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad framed of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the
father, 120

As who should say 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd
were

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice: 130
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.

But say, again, how many saw the child? 140

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;

And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:

Two may keep counsel when the third's away:

Go to the empress, tell her this I said.

[He kills the nurse.]

Weke, weke!

So cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst
thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,

A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords,

150

144. "Two may keep counsels," etc.; this proverb is introduced in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II.—H. N. H.

And now be it known to you my full intent.
 Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman,
 His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
 His child is like to her, fair as you are:
 Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
 And tell them both the circumstance of all;
 And how by this their child shall be advanced,
 And be received for the emperor's heir,
 And substituted in the place of mine,
 To calm this tempest whirling in the court; 160
 And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
 Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,
 [Pointing to the Nurse.

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora, 170
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
 [Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse's
 body.

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
 There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
 And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
 Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you
 hence;

164. "gallant grooms"; stout fellows.—C. H. H.

165. "take no longer days"; Collier MS., "make no long delays."—
 L. G.

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
 And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 179
 To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III

The same. A public place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him, Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen (Publius, Sempronius, and Caius), with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way,
 Sir boy, let me see your archery;
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there
 straight.

Terras Astræ reliquit:

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's
 fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
 Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
 Happily you may catch her in the sea;
 Yet there's as little justice as at land: 9
 No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost center of the earth:

2. "let"; so Qq., F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, "now let."—I. G.

4. "Terras Astræa reliquit"; i. e. Astræa (the goddess of Justice) left the earth (Ovid. *Metam.* i. 150).—I. G.

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And then it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. 20
Go get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her
hence;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humor kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy. 30

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere
else, 40

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

16. "*then*," a misprint for "*that*."—I. G.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
 Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
 No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;
 But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs
 can bear:

And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
 We will solicit heaven, and move the gods ⁵⁰
 To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
 Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,
 Marcus; [*He gives them the arrows.*]
 'Ad Jovem,' that's for you: here, 'Ad Apol-
 linem:'

'Ad Martem,' that's for myself:
 Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
 To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
 You were as good to shoot against the wind.
 To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
 Of my word, I have written to effect;
 There's not a god left unsolicited. ⁶⁰

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
 court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well
 said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;

51. "wreak"; revenge.—H. N. H.

56. "To Saturn, Caius"; Capell's emendation; Qq., Ff. read "To Saturnine, to Caius"; Rowe (ed. 1), "To Cælus and to Saturn"; (ed. 2), "To Saturn and to Cælus."—I. G.

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!

Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of 'Taurus' horns.

[Arc.] This was the sport, my lord: when Publius
shot, 70

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the
court;

And who should find them but the empress' vil-
lain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is
come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Cl. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath 80
taken them down again, for the man must
not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Cl. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never
drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Cl. Aye, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Cl. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there:

God forbid I should be so bold to press to 90

heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in 100 all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Aye, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach 110 you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it. Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant: And when thou hast given it to the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says. 120

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. *Publius*, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The same. Before the palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, and others; Saturninus with the Arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egal justice used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath
pass'd

But even with law against the willful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, 10
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy and his bitterness?

And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libeling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.²⁶
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if he sleep,
 He'll so awake, as he in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,³⁰
 Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd
 his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts. [*Aside*] Why, thus it shall
 become

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak
 with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you
 godden: I have brought you a letter and

37. "*Thy life-blood out*"; F. 2, "*ont*"; F. 3, "*on't*"; Walker suggested that a previous line had been lost, but the text seems correct,—"and drawn thy life-blood out."—I. G.

couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought
up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs! 50

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age nor honor shall shape privilege:

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me
great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me. 60

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more
cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me, and I hang the head 70

As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms:

Aye, now begin our sorrows to approach:
 'Tis he the common people love so much;
 Myself hath often heard them say,
 When I have walked like a private man,
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Aye, but the citizens favor Lucius,
 And will revolt from me to succor him. 80

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
 He can at pleasure stint their melody:
 Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
 Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous, 90

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
 Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ears
 With golden promises; that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
[To *Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambas-
sador: 100

Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honorably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him
best.

Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have, 109
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

103. Omitted in Q. 2 and Ff.; the reading of Q. 1.—I. G.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

Plains near Rome.

Flourish. Enter Lucius and Goths, with drums and colors.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,

And how desirous of our sight they are.

Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great
Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;

Whose high exploits and honorable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt;
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
stray'd 20

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewry whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor: 30
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the
babe—

'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon
him,

17. "*All the Goths*," should be "*The other Goths*," as "the first Goth" is kept distinct.—I. G.

27. "*tawny*"; i. e. a hue between black and white. This is in palpable contradiction with the previous statement that the Moor's child is a "blackamoor."—C. H. H.

Surprised him suddenly, and brought him
hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil ⁴⁰
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye;
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good. ⁵⁰
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.]

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'

Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak; ⁶²

42. An allusion to the old proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye" (Malone).—I. G.

For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin. 70

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;

Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt
vow 81

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I sware to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, and luxurious woman!

79. Referring to the "bauble," which was a part of the official furniture of a professed fool. See *Alp's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv, sc. 5.—H. N. H.

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon. 90
 'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou
 saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-
 ming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd,
 and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
 That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set; 100
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head.
 Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
 Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? 110
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
 And almost broke my heart with extreme
 laughter:

93. "*And cut her hands*"; so Qq.; Ff., "*And cut her hands off*"; Collier MS., "*Cut her hands off*."—I. G.

102. "*a dog*"; the mastiff, which attacks the bull's or bear's head.
 —C. H. H.

I pried me through the crevice of a wall
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses. 120

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never
blush?

Aar. Aye, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Aye, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself; 130

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their
tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their
graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends'
doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

129. A proverb found in *Ray's* collection.—I. G.

132. "break their necks"; Malone conj. "break their necks and
die"; Jackson conj. "stray and break their necks"; Collier MS.,
"ofttimes break their necks," etc.—I. G.

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
 'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.' 140
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
 As willingly as one would kill a fly;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
 So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue! 150

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
 more.

Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from
 Rome

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from
 Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
 The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages, 160
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general?

145. "Bring down"; i. e. from the ladder.—C. H. H.

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

Rome. Before Titus's house.

Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*Knock.*]

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door, 10
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk
with me. 20

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these
crimson lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal king-
dom, 30

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down and welcome me to this world's
light;

Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name, 39
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;

And then I'll come and be thy wagoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes. 49
 Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
 And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
 Trot like a servile footman all day long,
 Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
 Until his very downfall in the sea:
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers and come with me. 60

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
 'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of
 men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they
 are,

And you the empress! but we worldly men
 Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
 And, if one arm's embracement will content
 thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy: 70

Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
 And, being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for Lucius his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
 Or at the least make them his enemies. 79
 See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:
 Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
 How like the empress and her sons you are!
 Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
 For well I wot the empress never wags
 But in her company there is a Moor;
 And, would you represent our queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil: 90
 But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I 'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee
 wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
 And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
 Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer. 100
 Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.

Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus, 111
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike
Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device? 120

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths:
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life. 130

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys?
will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determined jest?
Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again. 141

Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[*Exit Tamora.*]

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do. 150
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
 And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
 Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:
 Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
 And now I find it; therefore bind them sure; 161
 And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit.*

[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron
 and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
 manded.

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a
 word.

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter Titus, with Lavinia; he bearing a knife,
 and she a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are
 bound.

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to
 me;

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius! 170

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd
 with mud,

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,

My hand cut off and made a merry jest;

169; iii. 59. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more
dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you. 181
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth
hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear, 189
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged:
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*

Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it; 200
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

SCENE III

Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with
Aaron, prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us. 10

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter
forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!

204. "*the Centaurs' feast*"; the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ at the marriage feast of Pirithous.—C. H. H.

3. "*ours with thine befall what fortune will*"; and our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.—H. N. H.

Sirs, help our uncie to convey him in,
[Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.]
 The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

*Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Æmilius,
 Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more sons than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
 parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated. 20

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honorable end,

For peace, for love, for league and good to
 Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
 places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

*[Hautboys sound. The Company sit down
 at table.]*

*Enter Titus, like a Cook, placing the meat on the
 table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face,
 young Lucius, and others.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
 queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus? 30

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness and your empress.

When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's
Troy:

Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory, 90
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him
speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's
brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister: 99
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel
out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point, 111

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are
 That my report is just and full of truth.
 But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
 For when no friends are by, men praise them
 selves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child
 [*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an*
Attendant

Of this was Tamora delivered; 12
 The issue of an irreligious Moor,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
 The villain is alive in Titus' house,
 And as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you
 Romans?

Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
 And, from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of Andronici 131
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains
 And make a mutual closure of our house.
 Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

124. "*And as he is*"; so Qq., Ff.; Theobald reads "*Damn'd as he is*."—I. G.

131. "*the poor remainder of Andronici*"; that is, *we* the poor remainder, etc., will cast us down.—H. N. H.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so. 140

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[*To Attendants.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering
death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,

For nature puts me to a heavy task; 150

Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.

O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kissing Titus.*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd
face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss

146. "*Rome's gracious governor*"; modern editions generally assign this and the first line of the speech to the assembled Romans. All the old copies make the two lines a part of Marcus' speech. Of course it is to be understood that the people present signify their assent. Moreover, Marcus is Tribune, and so speaks the people's voice, as their organ.—H. N. H.

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:

O, were the sum of these that I should pay

Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of
us 160

To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee
well:

Many a time he danced thee on his knee,

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;

Many a matter hath he told to thee,

Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;

In that respect then, like a loving child,

Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:

Friends should associate friends in grief and
woe:

Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave; 170

Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!

O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;

My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.

A Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with
woes:

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,

That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;

There let him stand and rave and cry for food:

If any one relieves or pities him, 181
For the offense he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul. 190

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity. 200
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*]

GLOSSARY

By ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A.

- ABUSED**, deceived; II. iii. 87.
ACCITED, cited, summoned; I. i. 27.
ACHERON, the river of the infernal regions; (Qq., F. 1, "*Acaron*"); IV. iii. 44.
ACHIEVE, obtain; II. i. 80.
ACTÆON, the Theban prince transformed by Diana into a stag; II. iii. 63.
ADVICE; "upon a," on reflection, on consideration; I. i. 379.
 —; "good a," deliberate consideration; (Collier conj. "*acvice*"); IV. i. 92.
ADVISED; "well a," not mad, in his right senses; IV. ii. 10.
ADVISE THEE, consider, deliberate; IV. ii. 129.
AFFECT, desire; II. i. 105.
AFFECTED, loved; II. i. 28.
AFFY, confide; I. i. 47.
AFOOT; "well a," in good health; IV. ii. 29.
AFTER, afterwards; II. iii. 123.
AGE, seniority; I. i. 8.
AIM; "give me a," "give room and scope to my thoughts"; V. iii. 149.
ALCIDES, Hercules; IV. ii. 95.
ANCHORAGE, anchor; I. i. 73.
ANNOY, grief, suffering; IV. i. 49.
APPOINTED, furnished, equipped; IV. ii. 16.
APPROVE, prove; II. i. 35.
APPROVED, tried; V. i. 1.
AS, so that; II. iii. 103.
ASSOCIATE, join; V. iii. 169.
AT, on; IV. iii. 9.
AUTHOR, cause; I. i. 435.
BALEFUL; "b. mistletoe," with reference to the supposed poisonous berries of the plant; II. iii. 95.
BANE, mischief; V. iii. 73.
BAY; "at a b," in my power; (a term taken from hunting); IV. ii. 42.
 —, barking; II. ii. 3.
BEHOLDING, beholden; I. i. 396.
BELIKE, I suppose; IV. ii. 50.
BEWRAY, betray, reveal; II. iv. 3.
BLOWSE, "a ruddy fat-faced wench"; IV. ii. 72.
BONJOUR, good morning; I. i. 494.
BOOTS, avails; V. iii. 18.
BRABBLE, quarrel; II. i. 62.
BRAVELY, finely, properly; IV. iii. 114.
BRAVES, defiance, threatening; II. i. 30.
 —, defies; II. iii. 126.
BREAK THE PARLE, open the parley; V. iii. 19.
BRETHREN (trisyllabic); I. i. 348.
BROACH, spit; IV. ii. 85.
BUZZ, whisper; IV. iv. 7.
CANDIDATUS, candidate; I. i. 183.
CAREFUL, full of care; IV. iii. 30.

- CASTLE**, (?) a close helmet (Theobald, "*casque*"; Walker, "*crest*"); III. i. 170.
- CHALLENGED**, accused; I. i. 340.
- CHAPS**, wrinkles; V. iii. 77.
- CHARM**, affect by magic power; II. i. 23.
- CHARMING**, having the power of fascination; II. i. 16.
- CHASE**, hunting-ground; II. iii. 255.
- CHEER**, countenance; I. i. 264.
- CHEQUER'D**, variegated; II. iii. 15.
- CHILDREN** (trisyllabic); II. iii. 115.
- CLEAN**, entirely; I. i. 129.
- CLOSE**, secret; IV. ii. 118.
- CLOSING WITH**, humoring; V. ii. 70.
- CLOSURE**, end; V. iii. 134.
- CLUBS**, **CLUBS**, "in any public affray the cry was 'Clubs! Clubs!' by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); II. i. 37.
- COCYTUS**, the infernal river; II. iii. 236.
- CODDING**, lustful; V. i. 99.
- COFFIN**, the crust of a pie; V. ii. 189.
- COIL**, confusion, ado; III. i. 225.
- COMMON**, general; I. i. 21.
- COMPACT**, made of, composed; V. iii. 88.
- COMPASSION**, compassionate, pity; IV. i. 124.
- COMPLOT**, plot; II. iii. 265.
- COMPLOTS**, plots; V. i. 65.
- CONCEIT**, device, invention; IV. ii. 30.
- CONDUCT**, guidance; IV. iv. 65.
- CONFEDERATE**, in league, allied; V. i. 108.
- CONSECRATE**, consecrated; I. i. 14; II. i. 121.
- CONTINENCE**, moderation; (Collier MS., "*conscience*"); I. i. 15.
- CONTROLL'D**, hindered; I. i. 420.
- CONVENIENT**, proper, becoming; V. ii. 90.
- CORNELIA**, the mother of the Gracchi; IV. i. 12.
- COUCH**, lie hidden; V. ii. 38.
- COUSIN**, niece; (used for any kinsman or kinswoman); II. iv. 12.
- COZEN'D**, cheated; V. iii. 101.
- CUT**, cut off; V. i. 93.
- CYCLOPS**, the giant servants of Vulcan; IV. iii. 46.
- DANCING-RAPIER**, a sword worn only for ornament at dancing; II. i. 39.
- DAYS**; "no longer d.," no more time; IV. ii. 165.
- DEADLY-STANDING**, menacing death; II. iii. 32.
- DEAR**, grievous; (Hanmer, "*dire*"); III. i. 257.
- , dearly; IV. i. 23.
- DECIPHER'D**, detected; IV. ii. 8.
- DECREED**, decided, determined; II. iii. 274.
- DECREES**, resolutions; V. ii. 11.
- DESPITE**; "in my d.," in defiance of me; I. i. 361.
- DETECT**, expose; II. iv. 27.
- DIAN**, **DIANA**; II. iii. 61.
- DISCOVER**, reveal; V. i. 85.
- DISPOSE**, dispose of; IV. ii. 173.
- DISTRACT**, distracted; IV. iii. 26.
- DOMINATOR**, ruler; II. iii. 31.
- DOUBTED**, suspected; II. iii. 68.
- DREADFUL**, full of dread; II. i. 128.
- DRIVE UPON**, rush upon, attack; II. iii. 64.
- DUMPS**, melancholy; I. i. 391.

ECSTASIES, madness; IV. iv. 21.
ECSTASY, excitement; IV. i. 125.
EQUAL, equal; IV. iv. 4.
EMBRACEMENT, embrace; V. ii. 68.
EMBREWED, bathed in blood; II. iii. 222.
EMPERIAL'S, a blunder for *emperor's*; IV. iii. 94.
EMPERY, empire, dominion; I. i. 19.
EMPRESS (trisyllabic; Q. 1, Ff. 1, 2, "*Empresse*"; Q. 2, "*Emperesse*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*Emperess*"); I. i. 320.
ENACTS, working; IV. ii. 118.
ENCELADUS, a giant of ancient fable; IV. ii. 93.
ENFORCED, forced; V. iii. 38.
ENGINE, instrument; III. i. 82.
ENTREATS, entreaties; I. i. 449.
ESCAPE, escapade, transgression; IV. ii. 113.
EXCLAIMS, outcries, lamentations; (Keightley, "*exclaim*"; Anon. conj. "*extremes*"); IV. i. 86.
EXTENT, maintenance, application; IV. iv. 3.
FACT, evil deed; IV. i. 39.
FAT, fatten; III. i. 204.
FEAR, fear for; II. iii. 305.
FEED, food; IV. iv. 93.
FELL, fallen; II. iv. 50.
FERE, spouse; IV. i. 89.
FIRE (dissyllabic); I. i. 127.
FLOOD, sea; IV. ii. 103.
FOND, foolish; II. iii. 172.
FOR, as for; IV. iii. 39.
—, through; IV. i. 21.
FORFEND, forbid; I. i. 434.
FORTH, out of; III. i. 84.
FOUND, found out, discovered; IV. ii. 26.
FRAMED, formed, fashioned; IV. iii. 46.

FRAUGHT, freight; I. i. 71.
FUNERAL, burial; IV. ii. 163.
FUNERALS, obsequies; I. i. 381.
GAD, sharp point; IV. i. 103.
GEAR, business; IV. iii. 52.
GENTLENESS, kindness; I. i. 237.
GLAD, gladden; I. i. 166.
GLISTERING, glittering; II. i. 7.
GLOZE, make mere words; IV. iv. 35.
GOD-DEN, good evening; IV. iv. 43.
GOOD; "were as g.," might just as well; IV. iii. 57.
GRAMERCY, many thanks; I. i. 495.
GRATULATE, make glad, gratify; I. i. 221.
GRAY; "morn gray,"= blue; (Hanmer, "*gay*"); II. ii. 1.
GRIEFS, grievances; I. i. 443.
HALE, drag; V. ii. 51.
HAP, chance; V. ii. 101.
HAPPILY, perchance, perhaps; IV. iii. 8.
HAPPY, opportune; II. iii. 23.
HEAD; "fought at head"; "an allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose" (Johnson); V. i. 102.
HEAVINESS, sadness, sorrow; III. ii. 49.
HEAVY, sad; III. i. 277.
—, sad; IV. iii. 25.
HECUBA, the wife of Priam, King of Troy; IV. i. 20.
HIGH-WITTED, sly, cunning; IV. iv. 35.
HIMSELF; "not with h.," i. e. beside himself; I. i. 368.
HIS, its; III. i. 97.
HOLP'ST, didst help; IV. iv. 59.

- HOME, to the quick; II. i. 118.
- HONESTY, chastity; II. iii. 135.
- HONEY-STALKS, *i. e.* "Clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die" (Johnson); IV. iv. 91.
- HORSE, horses; II. ii. 18.
- HYPERION, the Sun god; V. ii. 56.
- IGNOMY, ignominy, shame; IV. ii. 115.
- IMPERIOUS, imperial; (Q. 2, Ff., "*imperial*"); I. i. 250; IV. iv. 81.
- INCORPORATE, incorporated; I. i. 462.
- INCREASE, produce; V. ii. 192.
- INDIFFERENTLY, impartially; I. i. 430.
- INGRATEFUL, ungrateful; V. i. 12.
- INHERIT, possess; II. iii. 3.
- INSULT ON, exult, triumph; III. ii. 71.
- INTERCEPTED, restrained; II. iii. 80.
- JET UPON, *i. e.* "treat with insolence," (Qq., "*iet*"; Ff., "*set*"; Malone, "*jut*"); II. i. 64.
- JOY, enjoy; II. iii. 83.
- JUST, just so, exactly; IV. ii. 24.
- KIND, nature; II. i. 116.
- LAERTES' SON, Ulysses; I. i. 380.
- LAMENTING DOINGS, lamentations; [Anon. MS. conj. apud Theobald, "*dronings*" for "*doings*"; III. ii. 62.
- LASTING, everlasting; II. iii. 275.
- LAVE, wash, bathe; IV. ii. 103.
- LEARN, teach; II. iii. 143.
- LEAVE, cease; I. i. 424.
- LEER, complexion; IV. ii. 119.
- LEISURE; "by I.," in no hurry; I. i. 301.
- LIKE, equal; V. iii. 200.
- LIMBO, the borders of hell, or hell itself; the *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighborhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his "Paradise of Fools"; III. i. 149.
- LIST, pleases; IV. i. 100.
- LIVELY, living; III. i. 105.
- LOADEN, laden; V. ii. 53.
- LOOSE, loosen my hold; II. iii. 243.
- , loosen your bow, let fly; IV. iii. 58.
- LUXURIOUS, lustful; V. i. 88.
- MADDED, maddened; III. i. 104.
- MANES; "ad manes fratrum," *i. e.* "to the shades of my brothers," (Qq., Ff. 1, 2, "*manus*"); I. i. 98.
- MAUGER, in spite of; IV. ii. 110.
- MEAN, means; II. iv. 40.
- MEED, recompense; V. iii. 66.
- MESH'D, mashed; (a brewer's term); III. ii. 38.
- MIGHTFUL, full of might; IV. iv. 5.
- MINION, pert, saucy person; II. iii. 124.
- MISTERSHIP, a blunder for "mistress-ship"; IV. iv. 40.
- MOCK, derision, scorn; IV. iv. 58.
- MOE, more; V. iii. 17.

Glossary

NAPKIN, handkerchief; III. i. 140.
NILUS, the Nile; III. i. 71.
NOTE, notice; (Pope's emendation of Qq., Ff., "*notice*"); II. iii. 85.
O'ERCOME, covered; II. iii. 95.
OF, by; II. iii. 167.
 —, from; III. ii. 44.
 —, on; IV. iii. 59.
OFFICIOUS, ready, helpful; V. ii. 202.
ON, in; II. iii. 223.
 —; "set fire on," i. e. set fire to; V. i. 133.
ONSET, beginning; I. i. 238.
OPINION, reputation; I. i. 416.
OVER-WEEN; "dost o.," art presumptuous; II. i. 29.
PACK, plot; IV. ii. 155.
PAINTED HOPE, (v. Note); II. iii. 126.
PALLIAMENT, robe; I. i. 182.
PARCEL, part; II. iii. 49.
PART, depart; I. i. 488.
PASSING, surpassingly; II. iii. 84.
PASSION, violent sorrow; I. i. 106.
PASSIONATE, express sorrowfully; III. ii. 6.
PATIENT; "p. yourself," i. e. be patient; I. i. 121.
PERFORCE, of necessity; II. i. 107.
PER STYGA, PER MANES VEHOR, i. e. I am borne through the Styx, through the kingdom of the dead; II. i. 135.
PHILOMEL, the daughter of Pandion, ravished by Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue to prevent her exposing him; II. iii. 43.
PHOEBE, Diana; (Qq., F. 1, "*Thebe*"); I. i. 316.
PIECE, used contemptuously of a person; I. i. 309.

THE TRAGEDY OF

PITCH, used of the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 14.
PITEOUSLY, in a manner exciting pity; (Heath conj. "*pitilessly*"; Singer (ed. 2), "*piteousless*"; Collier MS., "*despiteously*"); V. i. 66.
PLOTS, spots of ground; II. i. 115.
POWER, armed force; III. i. 300; IV. iv. 63.
PRESENT, immediate, instant; II. iii. 173.
PRESENTLY, immediately; II. iii. 62; IV. ii. 166.
PRIZE; "played your p.," "a technical term in the ancient fencing-school"; I. i. 399.
PROGNE, wife of Tereus, to whom, in revenge for her sister Philomela, she slaughtered and served up his son Itys to eat; V. ii. 196.
PROPOSE, be ready to meet; II. i. 80.
PUT IT UP, put up with it; I. i. 433.
PUT UP, i. e. sheathe your swords; II. i. 53.
QUIT, requite, revenge; I. i. 141.
QUOTES, observes, examines; IV. i. 50.
RAPIER, small sword; IV. ii. 85.
RAPINE, rape; V. ii. 59.
RE-EDIFIED, restored; I. i. 351.
REMEMBERED; "be you r.," remember; IV. iii. 5.
REPREHENDING, reproving, reprimanding; III. ii. 69.
REQUITE, revenge; III. i. 297.
RESERVED, preserved, kept safe; I. i. 163.
RESOLVE, tell; V. iii. 35.
ROLLED, coiled; (Collier MS., "*coiled*"); II. iii. 13.

RUE, pity; I. i. 105.

RUFFLE, be turbulent and disorderly; I. i. 313.

SACRED; (used ironically, with perhaps a quibble on the Latin use = accursed); II. i. 120.

SANGUINE, blood-colored; IV. ii. 97.

SATURN, the planet of hate and gloom; II. iii. 31.

SCATH, injury; V. i. 7.

SECURE OF, safe from; II. i. 3.

SELF-BLOOD, selfsame blood; IV. ii. 123.

SEMITRAMIS, the queen of Assyria, proverbial for her voluptuousness and cruelty; II. iii. 118.

SENSIBLY; "endowed with the same feelings as you"; IV. ii. 122.

SEQUENCE; "in s.," one after the other; IV. i. 37.

SEQUESTER'D, separated; (Qq., Ff., "*sequestred*"); II. iii. 75.

SERVILE, slavish; (Q. 2, Ff., "*idle*"); II. i. 18.

SHALL, will; IV. iv. 107.

SHAPE, form; IV. iv. 57.

SHIVE, slice; II. i. 87.

SIBYL, one of the Roman prophetesses; IV. i. 105.

SINGLE, isolate; "s. you," bring unattended; II. i. 117.

SINON, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; V. iii. 85.

SIT FAS AUT NEFAS, be it right or wrong; (a popular Latin phrase); II. i. 133.

SITH, since; I. i. 271.

—, since; IV. iii. 49.

SLIP, scion; V. i. 9.

SMOOTH, flatter; IV. iv. 96.

SOLEMN, ceremonious; II. i. 112.

OLON'S HAPPINESS, alluding to Solon's saying that no man can be pronounced happy before his death; I. i. 177.

SOME DEAL, somewhat; III. i. 245.

SOMEWHAT, something; IV. i. 9.

SOMEWHITHER, somewhere, to some place or other; IV. i. 11.

SPEAK FAIR, humor; V. ii. 140.

SPEED, succeed; (Delius conj. "*speak*"); I. i. 372.

SPLEENFUL, hot, eager; II. iii. 191.

SPURN, hurt, stroke; III. i. 101.

SQUARE, quatrel; II. i. 100.

—, shape; III. ii. 31.

STALE, laughing-stock; I. i. 304.

STAND ON, insist on; IV. iv. 105.

STARVED, benumbed with cold; III. i. 252.

STAY'D, detained; II. iii. 181.

STILL, always, continually; III. ii. 30.

—, constant; III. ii. 45.

STINT, stop, silence; IV. iv. 86.

STOOD UPON, set a high value upon; II. iii. 124.

STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; I. i. 127.

STUPRUM, violation; IV. i. 78.

SUBSCRIBE, submit; IV. ii. 130.

SUCCEED, succeeded; I. i. 40.

SUCCESSANTLY, (?) following after another, or, perhaps, successfully; (Rowe, "*successfully*"; Capell, "*incessantly*"; Collier conj. "*thou instantly*"; Cartwright conj. "*you instantly*"); IV. iv. 113.

SUCCESSIVE; "my s. title," "my title to the succession"; I. i. 4.

SUPPOSE, supposition; I. i. 440.

SURANCE, assurance; V. ii. 46.

SUUM CUIQUE, to every man his due; I. i. 280.

SWARTH, swarthy, black; (Q. 1.

"*swartie*"; Capell, "*swarty*";
II. iii. 72.

SWEET WATER, perfumed water;
II. iv. 6.

SWELLING, full to bursting; V. iii.
13.

SWOUNDED, swooned, fainted; V.
i. 119.

TAKE UP, make up; IV. iii. 92.

TEDIOUS, laborious; II. iv. 39.

TEMPER, shape, mould; IV. iv.
109.

—, mix; V. ii. 200.

TENDERING, caring for; I. i. 476.

THAT, that which; I. i. 408.

THREAT, threaten; II. i. 40.

THREATS, threatens; IV. iv. 67.

TICED, enticed; II. iii. 92.

TIMELESS, untimely; II. iii. 265.

TITAN, the sun-god; I. i. 226.

TO, into; I. i. 421.

TOFORE, before; III. i. 294.

TRAIN'D, enticed; V. i. 104.

TRIBUNAL PLEBS, a blunder for
"tribunus plebis"—the tribune
of the people; IV. iii. 92.

TRUMP, trumpet; I. i. 275.

TULLY'S ORATOR, i. e. Cicero's *De*
Oratore; IV. i. 14.

TURN, return; V. ii. 141.

TYPHON, i. e. Typhæus, one of
the giants of ancient fables;
IV. ii. 94.

UNCOUPLE, loosen the hounds; II.
ii. 3.

UNCOUTH, strange, perplexing;
II. iii. 211.

UNDERTAKE, answer for, guaran-
tee; I. i. 436.

UNFURNISH'D, deprived; II. iii.
86.

UNJUSTICE, injustice; IV. iv. 18.

UNKIND, unnatural; V. iii. 48.

UNRECURING, past cure, incur-
able; III. i. 90.

UNROLL, uncoil; II. iii. 35.

UP AND DOWN, exactly, at all
points; V. ii. 107.

UPRISE, rising; III. i. 159.

URCHINS, hedgehogs; II. iii. 101.

VIRGO, the constellation of that
name; (in the old myth it rep-
resents Astræa, after she left
the Earth); IV. iii. 64.

VOICE, vote; I. i. 21.

VOUCH, make good; I. i. 360.

WAGS, moves; V. ii. 87.

WALL-EYED, fierce-eyed; V. i. 44.

WARE, wore; I. i. 6.

WEEDS, garments; I. i. 70.

WELKIN, sky; III. i. 212.

WELL SAID, well done; IV. iii.
63.

WHAT, why; I. i. 189.

WHENAS, when; IV. iv. 92.

WHITE-LIMED, white-washed; IV.
ii. 98.

WHO, whom; II. iii. 55.

WIND, scent; IV. i. 97.

—; "have the w. of you," keep
an eye upon you; IV. ii. 133.
WIT, mental power; (Warburton,
"*will*"); II. i. 10.

WITH, by; II. iii. 78.

WITTY, possessed of wit; IV. ii.
29.

WOT, know; II. i. 48.

WREAK, vengeance; IV. iii. 33.

WREAKS, resentments; IV. iv. 11.

WRONGFULLY, wrongful; IV. iv.
76.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By JEAN M. VINCENT, A.B.

GENERAL

1. What was the origin of the play? To what well-known early writer are portions of the play directly traceable?
2. Give the date of the first printing of *Titus Andronicus*.
3. What is the general opinion of critics regarding the authorship of this play?
4. In the history of the Roman Empire what account is found of a war with the Goths?
5. What passion is this play the portrayal of?

ACT I

6. Through what achievements has Titus Andronicus merited the favor of the Romans?
7. Upon what claims do Saturninus and Bassianus base their rights to the throne?
8. Describe the influence of Marcus Andronicus upon the entire action of the play.
9. To whom does Titus Andronicus refer as the "great defender of this Capitol?"
10. What plea does Tamora make to Titus? How does the refusal influence the future action?
11. What is the flaw in the character of Titus?
12. To what superstition does Lucius refer in lines 100 and 101 of scene i, when he says "That so the shadows be not appeased, Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth."

13. How does Saturninus repay the honor done him by Titus Andronicus?

14. Is Saturninus' choice of an empress instigated by love or policy?

15. Describe the death of Mutius? How does it further convey the impression of the degrading influence of forty years of war on Titus?

16. How does the character of Tamora appear in her advice to Saturninus—lines 442–455, scene i?

ACT II

17. What are the ambitions of Aaron as revealed in his speech at the opening of Act II?

18. How is the revenge of Tamora worked out in the course suggested by Aaron to Demetrius and Chiron?

19. What two well-known proverbs are referred to by Demetrius?

20. What dramatic details in scenes i and ii suggest the doubt of the authenticity of the play?

21. How is Shakespeare's fondness of presentiments suggested by the troubled sleep of Titus?

22. Show how the plot is unfolded by the passage between Tamora and Aaron.

23. How is the motive power of Tamora felt through the entire play? What are her characteristics?

24. What is the story of Tereus referred to by Marcus?

ACT III

25. Show the contrast between the characters of Titus and Lucius in the opening of this Act.

26. How does the extremity of sorrow affect the character of Titus?

27. What motive had Saturninus in asking for the hand of Titus?

28. Describe the nobility of Lucius in scene i. How does he offer to spare his father?

TITUS ANDRONICUS

Study Questions

29. Is it like Shakespeare to portray a character which has no redeeming trait, such as that of Aaron?

30. Was the hatred of Saturninus for Titus on his own account or was it nourished by Tamora? What action shows his extreme hatred and scorn?

31. What purpose does Lucius express in response to Titus?

32. What is the dramatic use of the character of the Boy?

33. When does Titus begin to feign madness? Is there reason for thinking it may not be feigned?

ACT IV

34. How does Lavinia contrive to tell her story?

35. What is the meaning of the lines from Horace which Titus sends to the sons of Tamora?

36. What does the scene with Aaron and his chief show in regard to his nature?

37. When is the madness of Titus, whether feigned or real, first recognized by Marcus and others?

38. Why is the clown introduced into scenes iii and iv?

39. Compare the strength of the character of Tamora with that of Saturninus?

40. What does Tamora mean when she says "But Titus, I have touched thee to the quick"? and what by, "if Aaron now be wise"?

41. How does Saturninus show his knowledge of his lack of popularity with the Romans?

ACT V

42. How is the treatment given by Saturninus to Titus looked upon by the Goths? Does this show the worthiness and nobility of Titus as well as the treachery of Saturninus?

43. What is the appeal of Aaron to Lucius and what does he offer him?

44. What tribute does Aaron pay Lucius in this scene?

Is not Lucius the only character to whom he shows respect?

45. How does Lucius treat the message brought by Æmelius?

46. Is Tamora deceived by the madness of Titus? Describe the battle of wits between the two.

47. How is the action of Lavinia in scene iii consistent with the previous representation of her character?

48. Are the exaggerated cruelties of this play intended only to give the idea of the evil of Revenge? Do you think the author seeks to show that the innocent as well as the guilty are sacrificed by this passion?

49. What is the motive for the killing of Lavinia?

50. Show the final punishment of Tamora and her children.

51. How does Lucius triumph in the end?

ORON

he she

broog

f Titus

ene in

her char

play in

ge? De

l as the

Lavinia

ra and

?

10720
Jose

**THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**This book is under no circumstances to
be taken from the Building**

